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COWBOY LOVE

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

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# Cowboy Love

No 28

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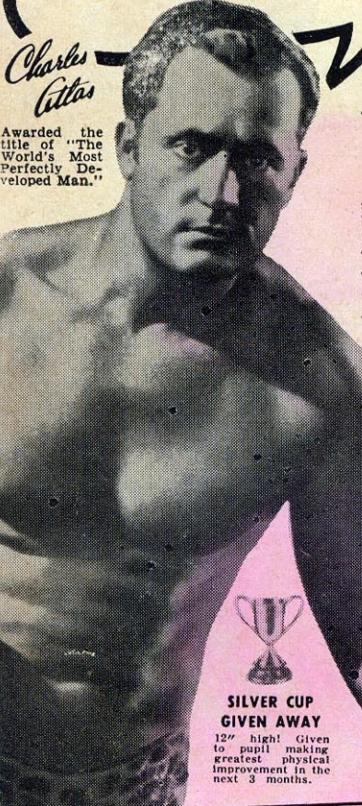
IN THIS ISSUE.. LOVE'S LAST STAND  
• THE HERMIT'S DAUGHTER

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# Check the Kind of Body YOU Want! **RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW**

...and I'll Prove How EASILY You Can Have It!



Charles  
Atlas

Awarded the  
title of "The  
World's Most  
Perfectly De-  
veloped Man."

JUST tell me where you want it—and I'll add SOLID INCHES of powerful new muscle SO FAST your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trip-hammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vise-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs—help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even

"standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll wake up

strength  
sleeping energy  
make it  
hum like  
a high-  
powered

strength  
energy  
make it  
hum like  
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"I gained 34 lbs. and increased my chest 6 inches!"

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I have put on 3 1/2  
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—F. S., New York

"Gained 29 lbs.  
When I started

your course I  
weighed only 141.  
Now I weigh 170."

—T. K., New York

"The benefits are  
wonderful. The first  
week my arm increased  
one inch, my chest two  
inches."

—E. M., Conn.

"You changed me  
from a weakling to  
a real man. My chest has gone  
up 6 inches. I am a  
solid mass of  
muscle."

—J. W., Montana

## COWBOY LOVE

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**RIGHT IN THE  
COUPON BELOW**

to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.

When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

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Mail the Coupon.

SEND NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." (Over 3 1/2 MILLION fellows have sent for it already.) It contains 32 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographic and valuable advice. Shows what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others, answers many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU.

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**CHARLES ATLAS, DEPT. 325 L  
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

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Body I Want:*

(Check as many as you like)

- More Weight—Solid—in The Right Places
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- More Powerful Arms and Grip
- Slimmer Waist and Hips
- Better Regularity, Digestion, Clearer Skin
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Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crammed with photographic, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

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# COWBOY LOVE

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION



ATOMIC MOUSE ★ BADGE OF JUSTICE ★ BLUE BEETLE ★ COWBOY LOVE ★ COWBOY WESTERN ★ DANGER and ADVENTURE ★ FUNNY ANIMALS—MERRY MAILMAN ★ GABBY HAYES ★ HOT RODS and RACING CARS ★ LASH LaRUE ★ MONTE HALE ★ MY LITTLE MARGIE ★ ROCKY LANE ★ SIX-GUN HEROES ★ SOLDIER and MARINE ★ SPACE ADVENTURES—ROCKY JONES, SPACE RANGER ★ SWEETHEARTS ★ TEX RITTER ★ This is SUSPENSE ★ TRUE LIFE SECRETS ★ TV TEENS—DON WINSLOW of the NAVY ★ WIN-A-PRIZE ★ ZOO FUNNIES, NYOKA, JUNGLE GIRL

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

*Alfred J. Fago*

Executive Editor

## LOVE'S LAST STAND!

**B**REATHTAKINGLY BEAUTIFUL.... A THING OF PROUD, UNCONQUERABLE SPIRIT... THAT WAS EDEE AND WAYNE LOVED HER FOR ALL OF THAT. THEN AN OMINOUS SHADOW DREW OVER THEIR LOVE AND THREATENED TO STIFLE THE LAST BREATH OF THEIR GENTLE ROMANCE. BUT THERE IS NO STRENGTH GREATER THAN TRUE LOVE... AND THEIR HEARTS UNITED IN A SHIELD THAT SEARING BULLETS COULD NOT PENETRATE!



**T**HE SILENT BLACKNESS OF NIGHT CLOAKED THE LITTLE TOWN OF LODESTONE AS WAYNE HART SLOWLY RODE THROUGH ITS STREETS. TO HIM IT SEEMED LIKE ALL THE OTHER FRONTIER TOWNS HE'D EVER RIDDEN INTO, FROM THE PANHANDLE TO THE BORDER....

WHERE IN SAM HILL DO THEY HIDE THE BLACKSMITH SHOP IN THIS TOWN? THOUGH IT'S A REALLY LATE HOUR TO EXPECT ONE TO BE STILL OPEN!

WE'LL HAVE TO GET YOU NEW SHOES IN THE MORNING, SHAGGY, IF WE DON'T FIND HIM OPEN TONIGHT.

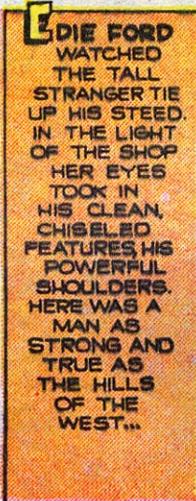
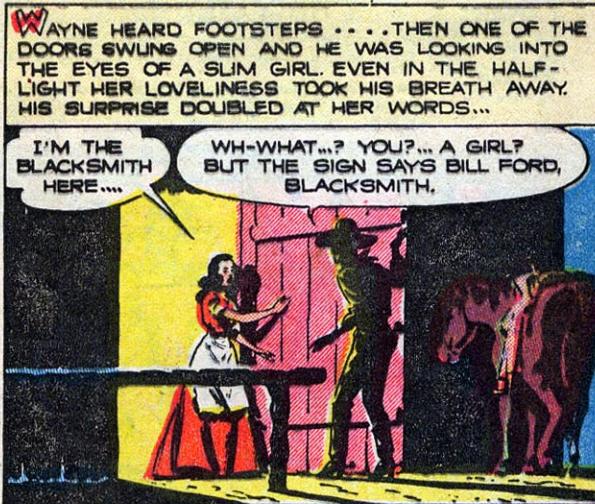
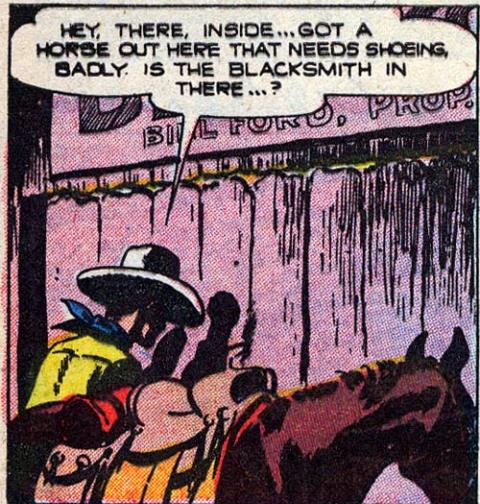


**J**UST THEN, THE TALL COWBOY'S KEEN EYES SPOTTED THE HUGE HORSESHOE THAT WAS THE TRADEMARK OF ALL BLACKSMITHS. HE REINED TO A HALT BEFORE THE CLOSED DOORS OF THE SHOP....

BY GOLLY... THERE'S A LIGHT INSIDE. WE'LL GET YOU SOME NEW SHOES TONIGHT AT THAT, MAYBE!



## COWBOY LOVE



## COWBOY LOVE

**W**AYNE'S SURPRISE AT THE INTRUDERS' SUDDEN ATTACK, VANISHED WITH THE BLOW THAT STRUCK EDIE FORD'S LOVELY CHEEK. HIS ANGER FLARING, HE STRUCK OUT, HIS MUSCLES UNCOILING LIKE STEEL SPRINGS...

RECKON YOU VARMINTS NEVER HEARD IT'S NOT RIGHT TO HIT A LADY!



GOING TO GET INTO THIS, EH? ALL RIGHT, BROOMTAIL...YOU ASKED FOR IT!

WAYNE... WATCH OUT BEHIND YOU!



I'LL BEAT YOUR... UUUFH!

NOT THIS EVENING, PARTNER!



**A**S EDIE WATCHED, HER HEART TREMBLING, SHE SAW THE TWO MEN FIGHT BACK AT WAYNE. THE TALL, POWERFUL STRANGER BATTLED WITH A COLD, SKILFUL FURY... WEAVING, DUCKING, AND ALWAYS LASHING OUT. HIS FISTS STRUCK AGAIN AND AGAIN...

TWO BIG COYOTES LIKE YOU BOthering A GIRL. I'M GOING TO TEACH YOU SOME MANNERS!



**A**ND SOON, THE INTRUDERS HAD MORE THAN ENOUGH. WITH WAYNE'S FURY STILL UNDIMINISHED, THEY DECIDED TO RETREAT... BUT PRONTO!

NEXT TIME, KNOCK BEFORE YOU COME BUSTING IN A PLACE!

LET'S GET.../ HE'S WORSE'N A PACK OF MOUNTAIN LIONS!



RECKON THOSE POLE-CATS WILL THINK TWICE BEFORE COMING BACK, EDIE!

OH, YOU WERE WONDERFUL... JUST WONDERFUL!



I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW MUCH I OWE YOU FOR THAT.

IT WAS A PLEASURE. RECKON A SMILE WOULD BE PAYMENT ENOUGH FOR ME.



## COWBOY LOVE

AS EDIE STOOD BEFORE HIM, WAYNE SAW THE SUDDEN TREMBLING OF HER SHOULDERS, SAW WEARINESS SUDDENLY COME INTO HER EYES. HE FELT A STRANGE, STRONG TENDERNESS FOR THIS GIRL...

SAY YOU'RE SHAKING...! YOU'RE FRIGHTENED!

I...I GUESS SO, FRIGHTENED AND TIRED...SO TERRIBLY TIRED!

BETTER LET ME TAKE YOU HOME, EDIE. YOU NEED REST.

THANKS, WAYNE, BUT I LIVE RIGHT UPSTAIRS OVER THE SHOP. I DO NEED SLEEP, I GUESS.

GOOD! AND TOMORROW, I'D APPRECIATE YOUR TELLING ME WHAT MADE THOSE CRITTERS COME BREAKING IN LIKE THAT, EDIE.

I WILL TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY IN THE MORNING. AND WAYNE, THANKS AGAIN FOR TONIGHT...I'LL NOT FORGET IT.



AFTER THE TALL COWBOY HAD VANISHED INTO THE NIGHT EDIE KNEW HOW VERY TRUE HER WORDS HAD BEEN. SHE WOULD NOT FORGET...THE QUICKENING OF HER HEART WHEN HER EYES MET HIS, TOLD HER SHE COULD NOT FORGET!

HE'S NICE... VERY NICE. I HOPE HE'LL STAY HERE IN LODESTONE.



WAYNE FOUND A ROOM IN THE TOWN'S ONE HOTEL AND WENT TO SLEEP DREAMING OF A GIRL WITH EYES AS BRIGHT AS THE FIRES OF THE FORGE SHE WORKED OVER. THEN EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, AS HE STRODE DOWN MAIN STREET...

THAT'S HIM, MART. THAT'S THE FELLER THAT BEAT US OUT OF THE SHOP LAST NIGHT.

ALL RIGHT. YOU TWO VAMOOSE. I'LL TALK WITH HIM!



HOLD ON, THERE PARTNER. MIND IF I SPEAK A PIECE WITH YOU?



MY NAME'S MART CRAILER. YOUR HANDLE IS...?

WAYNE HART, MISTER.

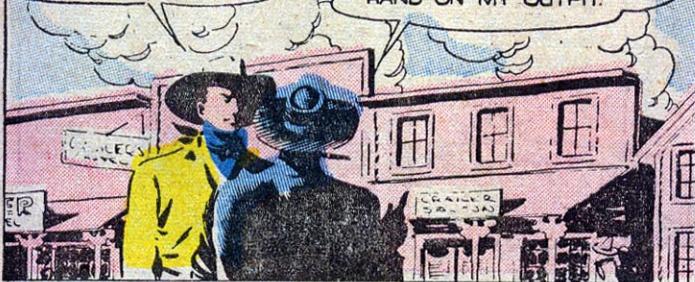


## COWBOY LOVE

WAYNE LET HIS EYES TAKE IN THE OTHER MAN'S SQUARE BUILD, HIS WELL-CUT CLOTHES. THOUGH MART CRAILER'S SMILE WAS GENIAL, FRIENDLY, HE HAD THE MANNERS OF A MAN USED TO HAVING HIS WAY....

I'VE BEEN SEEING YOUR NAME ON MOST OF THE PLACES IN TOWN I RECKON YOU PRETTY WELL RUN THINGS AROUND HERE.

OH, I SUPPOSE I DO, IN A WAY. BUT I ALSO HEARD ABOUT YOU... ABOUT THAT FIGHT YOU HAD LAST NIGHT. I COULD USE ANOTHER GOOD HAND ON MY OUTFIT.



HOW ABOUT SIGNING UP WITH ME? THE CHORES WON'T BE TOO HEAVY AND I PAY TOP WAGES.



WAYNE THOUGHT QUICKLY AS MART CRAILER WENT ON TALKING. THE OFFER SOUNDED GOOD, SO...

ALL RIGHT, CRAILER... IT'S A DEAL. I'M WORKING FOR YOU.

FINE! COME TO MY OFFICE IN THE HOTEL LATER AND MEET THE REST OF MY BOYS. I'LL BE EXPECTING YOU THERE.



WAYNE WALKED ON, THEN, WHEN HE REACHED THE BLACKSMITH SHOP HE STOOD SILENTLY AT THE DOOR FOR A MOMENT, WATCHING EDIE. SHE WAS EVEN MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN IN HIS DREAMS...



HOW ARE YOU THIS MORNING, EDIE... FEELING BETTER?

YES, THINGS ARE ALWAYS BETTER AFTER A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP.



NOW, HOW ABOUT TELLING ME WHY THOSE HOMBRES TRIED TO WRECK YOUR PLACE LAST NIGHT?



THEY WERE MART CRAILER'S MEN. CRAILER RUNS THIS TOWN BY TERROR. HE AND HIS THUGS MAKE EVERY STOREKEEPER AND MERCHANT PAY PART OF THEIR EARNINGS TO HIM, CLAIMING HE PROTECTS THEM FOR THAT.

MY UNCLE, BILL FORD, REFUSED TO BOW TO CRAILER AND HE WAS KILLED FOR IT. EVERYONE KNOWS IT WAS CRAILER WHO DID IT, BUT FOLKS HEREABOUTS ARE AFRAID TO DEFY HIM!



## COWBOY LOVE

WAYNE'S THOUGHTS RACED AS EDIE'S STORY UNFOLDED. HE'D JUST AGREED TO WORK FOR MART CRAILER, AND NOW HE WAS HEARING THIS. COULD HE TELL EDIE?

AND SO, WHEN I TOOK OVER FOR UNCLE BILL, THEY WANTED ME TO PAY UP. BUT I REFUSED. I ALWAYS WILL.

I COULD QUIT CRAILER NOW, BUT IF I STAY WITH HIM MAYBE I CAN FIND SOME WAY TO HELP EDIE... TO AT LEAST PROTECT HER!



AND FROM THE COLD HATRED OF EDIE'S VOICE AS SHE SPOKE OF CRAILER, WAYNE KNEW HE COULD NOT TELL HER HE WAS GOING TO WORK FOR THIS MAN. SHE WOULD NOT UNDERSTAND, BESIDES, HOW COULD SHE KNOW THAT HE HAD COME TO CARE FOR HER SO MUCH...SO SOON?

SO THAT'S THE STORY, EDIE. YOU'RE VERY BRAVE TO TRY AND STAND UP AGAINST SOMEONE LIKE MART CRAILER... ALL ALONE.

BRAVE? NO, WAYNE, IT'S THE ONLY RIGHT THING TO DO. BESIDES, I WAS HOPING THAT, AFTER LAST NIGHT, YOU MIGHT...WELL, STAY IN TOWN AND...



...HELP YOU? YES, EDIE... I'M STAYING AWHILE HERE IN LODESTONE AND I'LL HELP YOU ALL I CAN.

THANK YOU, WAYNE... THAT'S WONDERFUL NEWS. IT'S WHAT I... I HOPED... YOU'D SAY.



AND NOW, I'VE GOT TO GET ALONG. HOW ABOUT MY COMING BACK WHEN YOU CLOSE TONIGHT. MAYBE WE COULD TAKE A LITTLE WALK.

FINE, WAYNE... I'D LOVE THAT. GOODYE, NOW... TILL TONIGHT.



WAYNE WENT STRAIGHT TO CRAILER'S OFFICE AFTER HE LEFT EDIE. THERE WERE OTHERS THERE WITH CRAILER. AMONG THEM, WAYNE SAW THE TWO MEN HE'D FOUGHT THE NIGHT BEFORE. THEY WERE ALL A HARD, COLD, RUTHLESS LOT....

MY BOYS TELL ME YOU WERE VISITING EDIE FORD. NOW THAT YOU KNOW HOW I RUN THINGS AROUND HERE, DO YOU HAVE ANY OBJECTIONS?

NOPE! NO OBJECTIONS.



AND SPEAKING OF EDIE FORD, I'LL HAVE THE BOYS FINISH TONIGHT WHAT YOU INTERRUPTED LAST NIGHT. NO ONE HOLDS OUT ON MART CRAILER!

CRAILER'S TOO POWERFUL FOR ME TO STOP JUST LIKE THAT! I NEED TIME TO FIND A WAY TO HELP EDIE. BUT, MEANWHILE, I'VE GOT TO DELAY CRAILER.

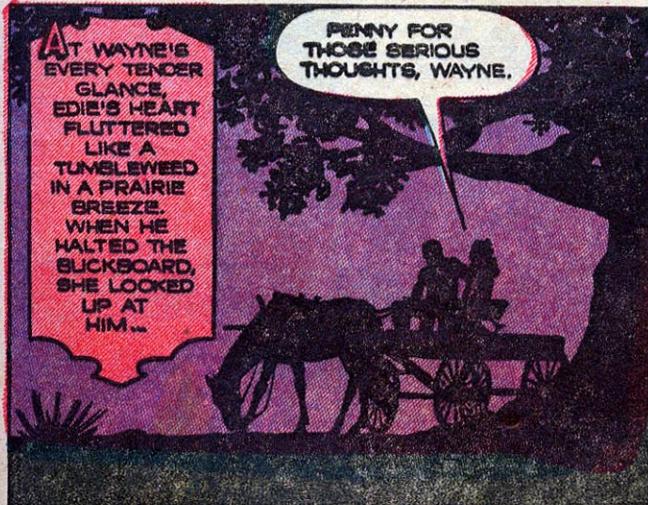
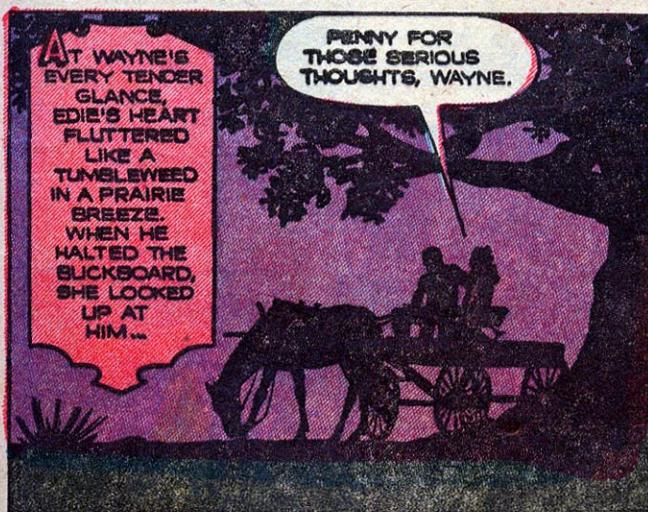
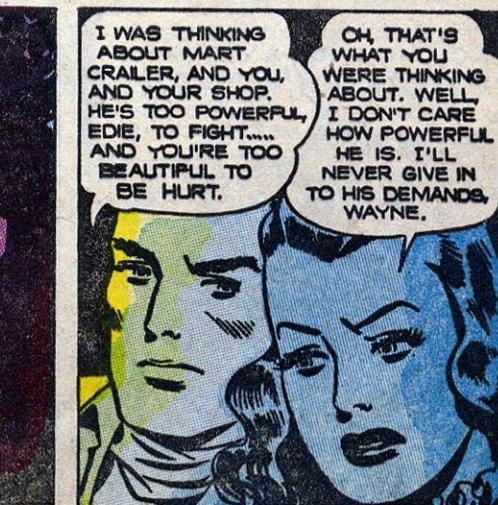
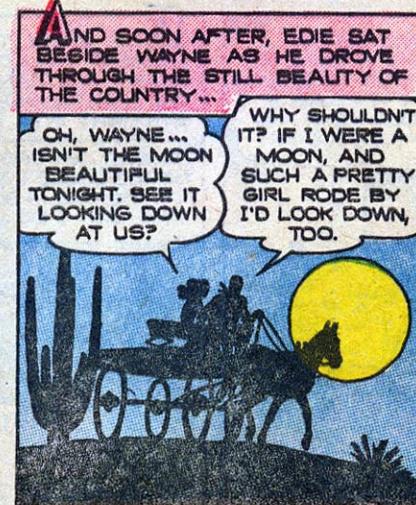
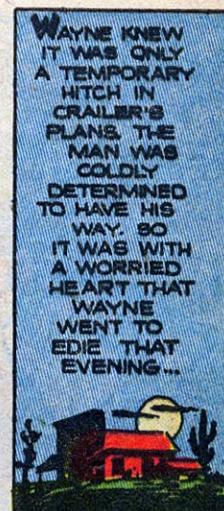
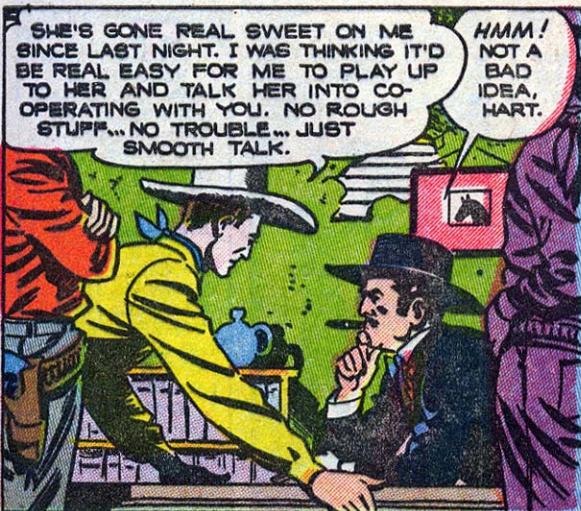


SURE, DO WHATEVER YOU LIKE! IN FACT, I'VE GOT AN IDEA THAT MIGHT HELP YOU OUT WITH HER.

LET'S HEAR IT.



## COWBOY LOVE



AT WAYNE'S EVERY TENDER GLANCE, EDIE'S HEART FLUTTERED LIKE A TUMBLEWEED IN A PRAIRIE BREEZE. WHEN HE HALTED THE BUCKBOARD, SHE LOOKED UP AT HIM...

## COWBOY LOVE



**T**HEY WALKED A FEW PACES AND LOOKED UP AT THE MAJESTIC EXPANSE OF WESTERN SKY. THEN THEIR EYES MET AND WAYNE'S ARMS WERE ABOUT EDIE, DRAWING HER TO HIM... AND THERE, UNDER THE SPARKLING EYES OF A MILLION STARS, THEIR LIPS MET...



## COWBOY LOVE

**L**ATER THAT NIGHT, WAYNE THOUGHT OF HIS LOVE FOR EDIE. BUT HE ALSO THOUGHT OF THE FORBODING SHADOW THAT HUNG OVER HER HEAD, EVER-PRESENT, EVER-THREATENING... A SHADOW CALLED MART CRAILER!

I'VE GOT TO MAKE EDIE GIVE IN TO CRAILER FOR A WHILE... AT LEAST, UNTIL I CAN THINK OF A WAY TO BLOCK HIM AND HIS GUNMEN.



BUT IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, EDIE PROVED AS STUBBORN AS SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL. AND ONE AFTERNOON CRAILER HALTED WAYNE ON THE STREET...

NOTHING DOING WITH HER YET, EH? LOOKS AS IF YOUR IDEA ISN'T WORKING OUT, HART. I'LL JUST HAVE TO GET ROUGH WITH HER.

THINGS TAKE TIME. SHE'S BREAKING DOWN. JUST GIVE ME A LITTLE MORE TIME AND I'LL HAVE HER EATING OUT OF THE PALM OF YOUR HAND.



BUT YOU SHOULDN'T TALK TO ME OUT HERE IN THE OPEN. LOOK THERE'S BURNS, THE SADDLEMAKER... HE'S SEEN US. IF IT GETS AROUND TO EDIE I'M WORKING FOR YOU IT'LL RUIN EVERYTHING!

GUESS IT MIGHT, BUT YOU'D BETTER GET HER TO COOPERATE, SOON, OR ELSE...



**W**AYNE REALIZED CRAILER WAS LOSING WHAT LITTLE PATIENCE HE HAD. BUT THAT EVENING, IN THE SOFT CIRCLE OF EDIE'S ARMS, THE WORLD... EVERYTHING... STOOD STILL....

THESE HAVE BEEN HAPPY DAYS, WAYNE! THE Happiest OF MY LIFE!



**Y**ES, EDIE WAS HAPPY IN WAYNE'S ARMS... LOVE AND PEACE IN HER HEART. BUT IN WAYNE'S HEART THERE WAS NO PEACE, ONLY THE TORMENTING THOUGHT OF CRAILER'S WARNING...

BUT I CAN'T HELP THINKING ABOUT CRAILER. FOR YOUR OWN SAKE, FOR OUR SAKE, GIVE IN TO HIM FOR NOW, AT LEAST.

OH, WAYNE, DON'T ASK THAT AGAIN. I'M NEVER GOING TO DEAL WITH MART CRAILER. WE'VE GONE OVER IT A DOZEN TIMES BEFORE.

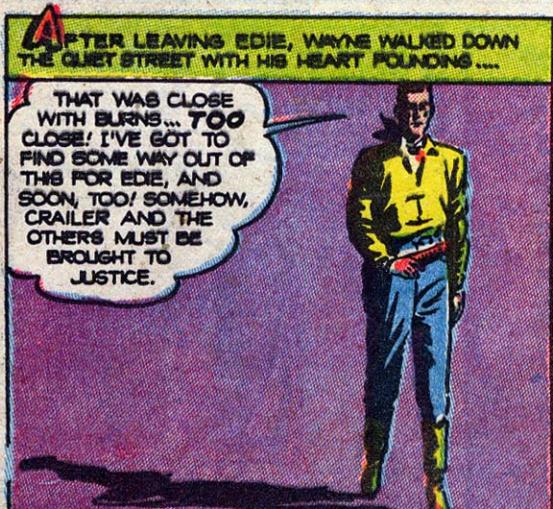
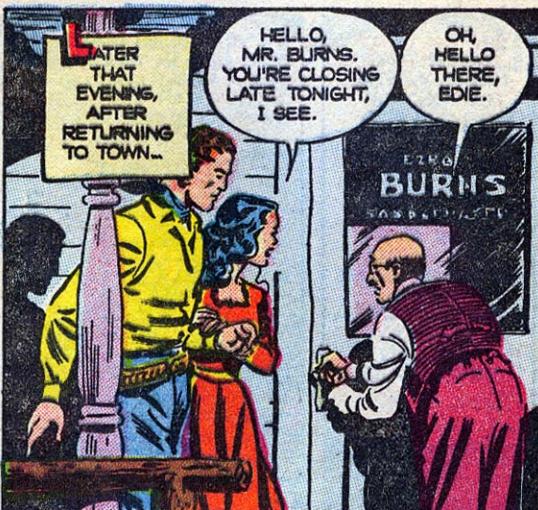


MAYBE IF I TAKE A STAND, OTHER FOLKS IN TOWN WILL GET UP THE COURAGE TO RESIST HIM.

YOU'RE RIGHT FOR FEELING THIS WAY... BUT THERE MIGHT BE A BETTER WAY TO SETTLE A SCORE WITH CRAILER.

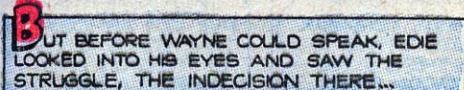
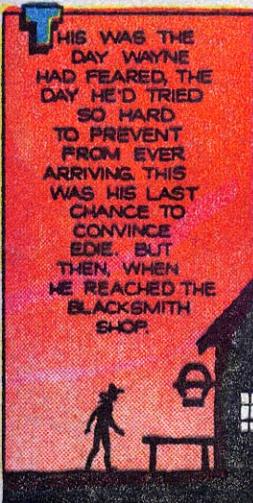
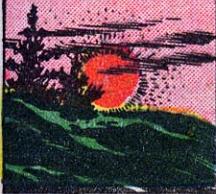


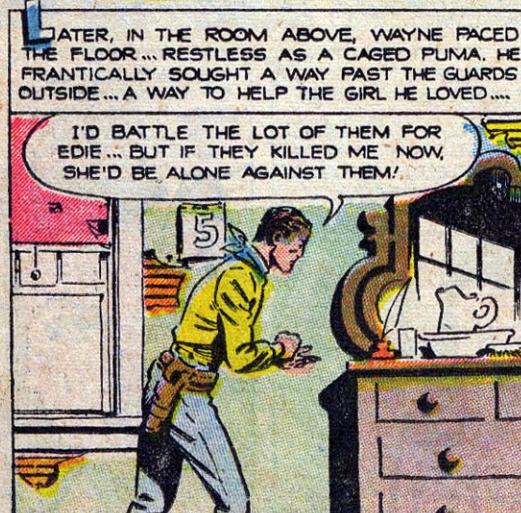
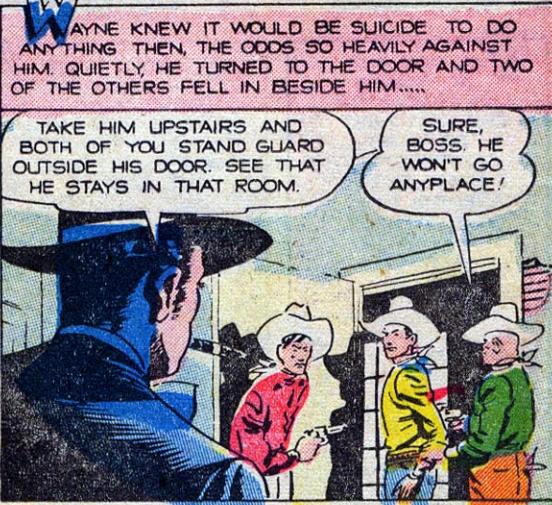
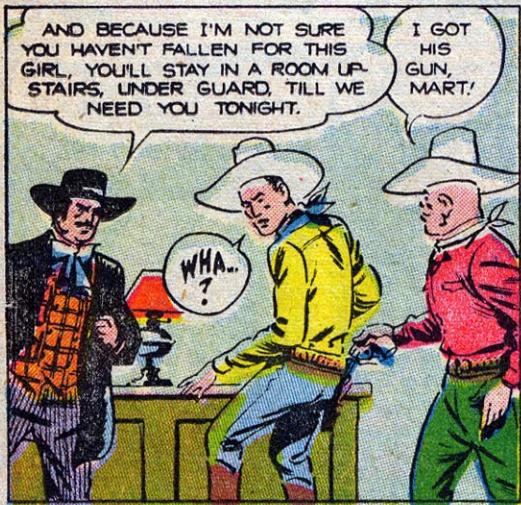
## COWBOY LOVE



## COWBOY LOVE

**I**N THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED EDIE'S LOATHING FOR CRAILER GREW AS STEADILY AS AS HER LOVE FOR WAYNE. SHE WOULD NOT ACCEPT EVEN A TEMPORARY COMPROMISE. THEN ONE MORNING...





## COWBOY LOVE

THE BACK OF THIS CALENDAR WILL HAVE TO DO. I'VE ONLY TIME TO WRITE A FEW WORDS...THE STAGE IS PULLING OUT!



**F**EVERISHLY, WAYNE SCRIBBLED A MESSAGE ON THE BACK OF THE CALENDAR. HE WRAPPED IT AROUND A HAIRBRUSH ON THE DRESSER, TO GIVE IT WEIGHT, AND RUSHED TO THE WINDOW AS THE STAGE PASSED BEHNEATH...

I CAN'T TOSS IT TO THE DRIVER. CRALIER'S GOT TOO MANY PEOPLE WORKING FOR HIM IN THIS TOWN. I'VE GOT TO GET IT INTO ONE OF THOSE OPEN MAIL SACKS ON THE ROOF OF THE STAGE! HERE GOES...



**M**ADE IT! NOW, IN PRESTON, THOSE SACKS WILL BE OPENED BY THE POST-MASTER AND THE MARSHAL WILL GET MY NOTE. I JUST HOPE HE CAN RIDE BACK HERE TO LODESTONE IN TIME TONIGHT!



NOTHING TO DO NOW BUT WAIT...AND PRAY! I'LL HAVE TO GO THROUGH WITH EVERYTHING UNTIL EDIE OPENS THE DOOR FOR ME TONIGHT!



**T**HE GRAY PALLOR OF EVENTIDE DEEPENED INTO NIGHT, AND FINALLY WAYNE'S DOOR WAS UNLOCKED. SOON HE STOOD BEFORE EDIE'S SHOP... THE OTHERS BEHIND HIM IN THE DARKNESS, WAITING, THEIR GUNS POINTED AT HIS BACK FOR ONE FALSE MOVE....

EDIE... OPEN THE DOOR. IT'S WAYNE. I... I'VE QUIT CRALIER. I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING. PLEASE, EDIE... LET ME TALK TO YOU.



**S**LOWLY, THE DOOR OF THE SHOP OPENED A LITTLE AND WAYNE'S HEART LEAPED TO SEE EDIE AGAIN. THE STAIN OF UNDRIED TEARS STILL LINED HER LOVELY FACE.



YES, WAYNE... WHAT... WHAT DO YOU WANT TO TELL ME?

OH, EDIE, DARLING...

**A**ND THEN, WITH THE STRIKING SPEED OF A PRAIRIE RATTLER, WAYNE SPRANG FORWARD...



OOH!

**W**AYNE'S SUDDEN ACTION HAD CAUGHT THE OTHERS OFF GUARD. HE SLAMMED SHUT THE DOOR AND PULLED EDEE ASIDE AS A BULLET SLAMMED THROUGH THE DOOR...



NEVER MIND THAT NOW, DARLING. DO YOU HAVE ANY GUNS HERE? WE'VE GOT TO HOLD THEM OFF AS LONG AS WE CAN!

YES, I'VE A SIX-GUN, A RIFLE AND SOME AMMUNITION UPSTAIRS. I'LL GET THEM



**S**ECONDS LATER, ARMED WITH THE RIFLE AND THE SIX-GUN, WAYNE AND EDEE TOOK UP POSTS BY THE WINDOW OF THE SHOP AND EXCHANGED FIRE WITH CRAILER AND THIS MEN. WAYNE TURNED OFF THE LAMP TO CLOTHE THEM IN DARKNESS.

HELP WILL BE HERE SOON, EDEE. I KNOW IT WILL. JUST KEEP RETURNING THEIR FIRE.

I HOPE SO, DARLING. WE HAVEN'T MUCH AMMUNITION!



WHY... OH, WHY WON'T THE TOWN COME AND HELP US? THEY HEAR THE SHOOTING!

THEY FIGURE CRAILER'S GOT TO WIN! BESIDES, HE'S GOT THEM TERRORIZED.



IF YOU DON'T QUIT THIS YOU'LL REALLY BE SORRY WHEN WE GET YOU... BOTH OF YOU!

CRAILER'S FURIOUS. IF HELP DOESN'T GET HERE SOON IT'LL BE CURTAINS FOR US FOR SURE!



**B**UT WAYNE AND EDEE KEPT UP A CAREFUL, TELLINGLY AIMED DEFENSE UNTIL FINALLY....

THESE FEW SHOTS IN THE RIFLE ARE ALL THE AMMUNITION WE HAVE LEFT, EDEE.

I KNOW WAYNE, BUT WHATEVER HAPPENS... OUR HEARTS WILL BE STILLED.... TOGETHER!



## COWBOY LOVE

MAYBE MY NOTE NEVER REACHED THE MARSHAL IN PRESTON...



BUT SUDDENLY, AS IF IN ANSWER TO WAYNE'S THOUGHT, THEY HEARD THE SOUND OF HORSES GALLOPING TO A HALT, A VOLLEY OF SHOTS ....



A LITTLE SURPRISE I COOKED UP FOR YOU, CRAILER. I WAS AFRAID IT WASN'T GOING TO HAPPEN, THOUGH!



I'LL GET YOU, HART... UUUH!

NO, THE ONLY THING YOU'RE GETTING, CRAILER, IS A PRISON CELL. AND IT'S ABOUT TIME, TOO, I RECKON!



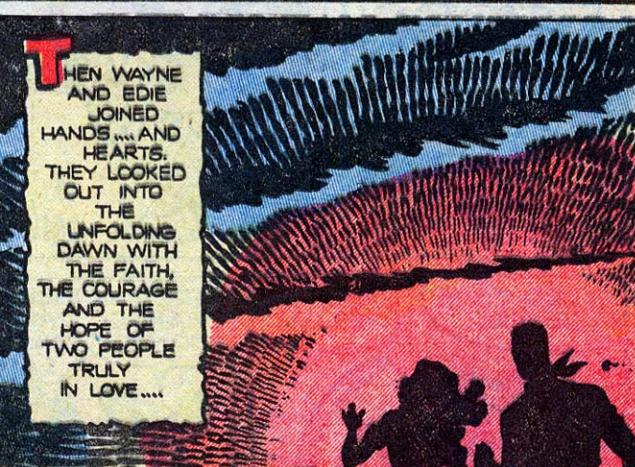
WITH YOUR TESTIMONY, CRAILER AND HIS MEN FACE A GOOD LONG PRISON STRETCH. NOW, IT LOOKS AS IF I'M NOT NEEDED AROUND HERE AT THE MOMENT.



AFTER PLACING CRAILER AND HIS MEN IN CUSTODY, THE U.S. MARSHAL SOUGHT OUT WAYNE AND EDIE ...



THEN WAYNE AND EDIE JOINED HANDS... AND HEARTS. THEY LOOKED OUT INTO THE UNFOLDING DAWN WITH THE FAITH, THE COURAGE AND THE HOPE OF TWO PEOPLE TRULY IN LOVE....



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*A Bouquet of Picture Love Stories*

**SWEETHEARTS MAGAZINE**

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# COWBOY LOVE

## PISTOL PACKING PATTIE

RIGHT SHE IS!

TSK! TSK! LOAFING AGAIN!

WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO START TO WORK?

WHEN I FIND SOMETHING SOFT!



## PONY BOY PEDRO

...IT FOLLOWS!

IS THAT YOUR LITTLE BOY?

SI!

HOW CUTE HE IS!  
WOULD YOU CALL HIM  
OVER, PLEASE! I HAVE  
SOMETHING FOR HIM!

SI!



# MELODY AMES, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOR

## SONG OF THE SIX-GUN

*Heading for a new job, Melody Ames, sweet singer of the sagebrush, and his companion, Pedro, stop overnight in Owl Hoot, a town dominated by Mike Maddock and his gunmen. They avoid trouble until Melody meets lovely Jennie Tobin, hotel owner and victim of Maddock's murderous greed. To Pedro's horror, Melody jumps into the fight on Jennie's side, challenging Maddock and his whole killer crew . . .*

**F**OR A MOMENT Melody Ames let his arms tighten around the slim, vibrant figure of Jennie Tobin, let his heart and his lips respond to her young eagerness. Then, reluctantly, he released her and stepped back. "Stop worrying, little Jennie," he said softly. "I've never known a bully like Mike Maddock who didn't have a core of yellow. Once that's shown up, his gun toughs will desert him in a minute. Pedro and I have had experience in cracking hard shells."

"Senor Melody is right," Pedro said sadly. "Though it is experience I could do without. We have a proverb in Mexico —*haz bien y aguardate*—which means, do a good deed and then watch out. From Senor Melody I have learned how true that is."

Jennie started to speak but the words never came. Downstairs the lobby door crashed open and booted feet tramped in. The voice of Mike Maddock came harshly up the stairway. "You had your chance to stay out of trouble, ranny. Now come down and face it."

"Coming, Maddock," Melody called. He twitched his sagging gun belt to settle it and glanced around to see that Pedro was ready. An expression of surprise crossed his lean, taut face. Pedro, his friend and companion, was nowhere in sight. He had slipped noiselessly away at the first warning tramp of boots.

"Don't go," Jennie cried in soft anguish and caught at Melody's arm.

"Stay here," Melody said gently, "and try to not worry."

He pressed her aside, letting his hands rest for a moment against her wet cheeks. Then he kissed her gently on the fore-

head, turned, and started down the narrow box stairway.

He saw the boots first, four sets of them planted wide apart, then his line of vision raised past loaded holsters and poised hands, and up at last until he was face to face with Mike Maddock and his three killers. They were fanned out, so that he could not watch all four at once, and their cold intent was clear on their faces. They had come to kill and kill swiftly, and that in itself was proof that Maddock's empire of blood was too shaky to risk opposition.

"I thought you were yellow," Melody said softly, "the first moment I looked at you. This proves it. You haven't the nerve to face a gun by yourself."

"Talk is cheap," Maddock said flatly. "Results are what I pay for and only slugs settle a thing permanently. Make your play stranger. We're going to kill you."

"That," said a soft voice from the open side window, "is one bet you would lose, Senor Maddock. For the first gun fired will be mine, amigo, and it is aimed straight at your black heart."

With a gasp of shocked rage, Maddock and his gunmen swung around. Pedro was seated carelessly in the open side window of the lobby, his drawn gun resting on one knee, covering the murderous quartet. He had run down the back stairs at the first warning, to cover the lobby from the shadows.

"You'll pay for this," Maddock choked, purple with fury. "If you think two smart saddle tramps can push Mike Maddock around, you're crazy. Gun him out, Pete. You're the fastest."

Indian Pete made a snarling noise in his throat. "Go ride a rope. If you think I'm in the market for a funeral, you're crazy."

"I salute your good judgment, Senor Pete," Pedro said. "Now if you will please drop your guns to the floor and kick them over to me, it will avoid unnecessary accidents. I believe Senor Melody has a matter to discuss with Senor Maddock, man to man."

As the cursing, raging gunmen obeyed, Melody unbuckled his own gun belt and hung it on the bannister. He grinned. "Pedro, you're a mind reader."

## COWBOY LOVE

A gesture of Pedro's gun sent the three hired thugs back to the wall, leaving Mike Maddock alone to face Melody Ames. The murderous Boss of Owl Hoo measured his opponent's lean, hard-muscled frame and something close to fear flickered in his eyes. Then, without warning, he charged in a vicious rush, hoping to smash Melody back against the hotel desk.

Melody whirled aside from the brutal impact and his fists sledged out. There were two jarring thuds and Maddock stumbled sideways. He went to his knees and bounded up, roaring, mighty fists driving furiously. He was fighting with the desperation of a man who sees his whole empire crumbling, using boots and elbows with vicious intent to kill or maim. Melody was staggered by the sheer violence of the attack that beat down his guard and rocked his senses with sledge-hammer blows.

Melody dodged a vicious swing and slugged at Maddock's jaw. The big man reeled and Melody struck again. Maddock cast one frantic, frightened glance around and then lunged desperately for Melody's gun belt, still hanging from the bannister. He got his hands on it and was jerking the gun free when Melody's smashing dive caught Maddock around the middle. Maddock crashed through the railing and onto his back on the stairs and Melody, following, drove rights and lefts into the battered face with all the strength at his command.

He saw Maddock's eyes roll up and close and the big man went limp, rolling down the steps to a battered heap on the floor. Melody straightened, panting, and saw that the fight was over.

He turned, shaking his head to clear it and for the first time he saw that the tiny lobby was jammed with men. For a moment he thought they were Maddock's gunmen and then his eyes cleared. These were no hired killers but the men of Owl Hoot and the surrounding ranges, cattlemen and storekeepers, young and old.

A bearded rancher stepped forward. "Son, you've done a thing that needed doing for more than a year. So have we. Maddock's gunmen are locked up under guard, to await trial as soon as we can assemble a court. They had us buffaloed until you showed us what a man with courage can do. We'll take charge of Maddock, now. He'll not be the boss of Owl Hoot any longer. Thanks to you and your Mexican friend, we've got our town back."

Suddenly a figure burst through the crowd and soft arms were around Melody's neck again. "I saw it all," Jennie Tobin whispered. "I was so frightened until Pedro spoke from the window and made

them lay down their guns. Then I saw fear in Mike Maddock's eyes when he faced you and I knew none of us would ever have to live in the shadows again."

"You were afraid, Senorita?" Pedro said, coming forward. "If you hear one little tinkling sound, it is the chunks of ice in my veins beginning to thaw out."

Melody looked deep into Jennie's misted eyes and read there the message of promise and sweet anticipation. Stay here, her eyes pleaded. Here is the end of the rainbow for the wanderer, a home and love, respect and security. This is your town now, Melody Ames. Maddock ruled it with fear and brutality. You can guide it with dignity and honor. The town is yours—and so am I.

"Amigo," Pedro said softly, "there is a matter that disturbs my soul. That rascally stablekeeper was one of Maddock's tools. We placed your horse, Prairie, and my beautiful mule, Rosita, in his keeping last night."

"You're right," Melody said. "We'd better check on them right now. Come on."

"Will you come back, Melody Ames?" Jennie asked. "Will you be back here or will you ride away?"

It came to Melody suddenly that both Pedro and Jennie were waiting for his answer. His lean face tightened. "I don't know yet, little Jennie," he said quietly. "It's a thing I'll decide as I walk."

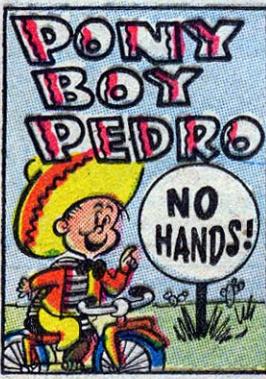
One of the townsmen was guarding the stable when they got there. Rosita brayed a noisy welcome to Pedro and Prairie nickered softly, nosing Melody's shoulder. Outside the window, the dawn was breaking over the distant mountains, touching the thin line of the far trail with mystery and promise. Somewhere a rooster crowed and a lark rose, singing.

Without speaking, Melody reached for Prairie's saddle. In silence the two mounted and rode out onto the still-dark street. Down the block a rectangle of light showed the open door of the Owl Hoot hotel and silhouetted the figure of Jennie Tobin, waiting on the porch.

**M**ELODY SAT for a moment, looking up the straight road to love and then he twiched the reins and turned Prairie's head to the north. In silence, Pedro rode behind. Then Melody's sweet voice rose in song, a song of the open trails and the far reaches of the frontier, of man's loneliness and hope. At the edge of town he looked back once. The hotel door was closed. Jennie Tobin had heard the song and she no longer waited on the porch.

THE END

# COWBOY LOVE



# The Hermit's Daughter

The grim and silent hills of the west held many a strange secret, Buck knew. But when he learned the story of the hating, embittered old man and the beautiful girl, he found the strangest story of them all ... and with it, the key to the gates of happiness!

DEEP IN THE FASTNESS OF THE RUGGED, UNTAMED CHEYENNE HILLS, A CRYSTAL-CLEAR MOUNTAIN STREAM TUMBLED AND THREADED ITS WAY THROUGH THE ROCKS. THE SMALL, HARBY BURRO OF A PROSPECTOR HALTED BESIDE IT...

THIS IS GOOD WATER FOR DRINKING. WE'LL BE RESTING HERE A SPELL.

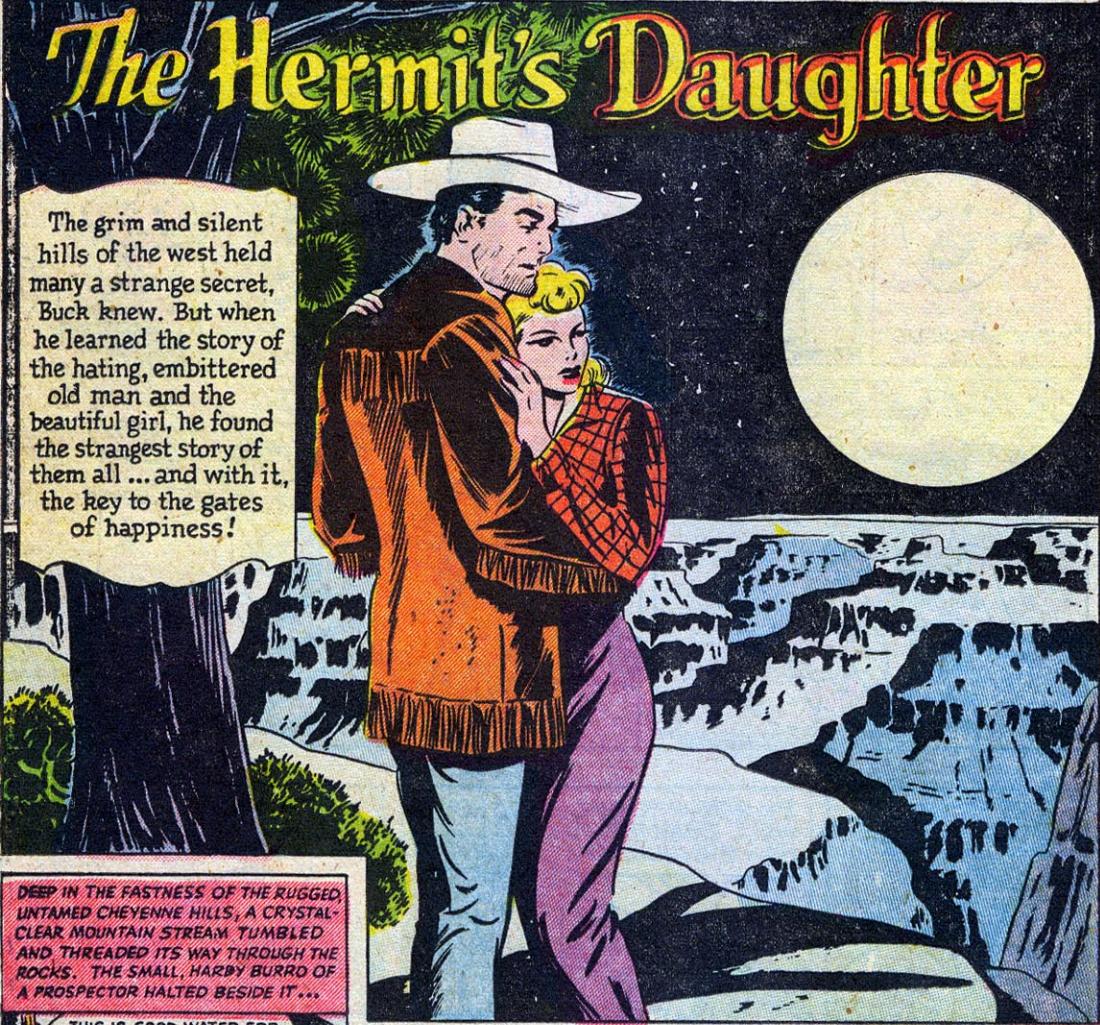
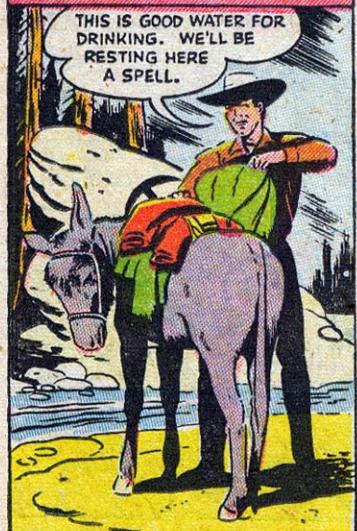
BUCK LANNISTON BRUSHED THE TRAIL DUST FROM HIS CLOTHES AND FEASTED HIS EYES HUNGRILY UPON THE FRESH COOLNESS OF THE WATER.

AND I'M THINKING THIS'LL BE A GOOD SPOT TO WASH MY DUDS. PROSPECTING GIVES A MAN PLENTY OF DUST, BUT NOT ENOUGH OF ITS GOLD.

AND SOON, BUCK WAS WASHING HIS CLOTHES IN THE MOUNTAIN STREAM, WHEN SUDDENLY HE HEARD A LOW GROWL ...

GRRR-OOOF!

HEY, YOU CRITTER! GET AWAY FROM THOSE BRITCHES!



## COWBOY LOVE



THE ECHO  
OF THE SHOT HAD  
NOT YET DIED  
AWAY WHEN BUCK  
HEARD THE  
VOICE SPEAK  
SHARPLY,  
COMMANDINGLY!

HE LOOKED  
UP TO SEE A  
GIRL STANDING  
THERE, A  
GIRL MORE  
BEAUTIFUL  
THAN HE  
WOULD HAVE  
BELIEVED  
EXISTED.



NOT EVEN  
THE ROUGH  
WORKING  
CLOTHES SHE  
WORE COULD  
DISGUISE  
THE SLIM BEAUTY  
OF HER FIGURE.

THOUGH HER  
FACE WAS FINELY  
CHISELED, WITH  
A STRONG  
DELICACY,  
HER EXPRESSION,  
AS SHE GAZED  
STEADILY AT BUCK,  
REMAINED AS  
STERN AND  
FORBIDDING  
AS THE GRIM  
HILLS!

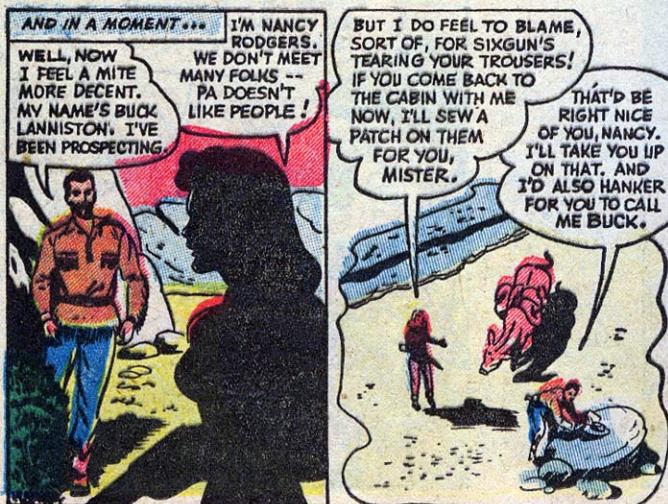


# COWBOY LOVE

BUCK'S FRIENDLY TONE FELL UPON APPARENTLY DEAF EARS, FOR THE GIRL CONTINUED TO WATCH HIM, GRIMLY UNSMILING.

BUCK FOUND HIMSELF WONDERING WHAT HIDDEN DEPTHS LAY BEHIND THOSE DARK, UNFATHOMABLE EYES—

THEN, SUDENLY, THE GIRL SMILED, AND IT WAS LIKE THE MAGICAL APPEARANCE OF A RAINBOW AT THE STORM'S END. HER LAUGHTER THAT FOLLOWED WAS CLEAR AND PRETTY AS THE STREAM THAT RIPPLED AND GURLED ALONG BESIDE THEM—

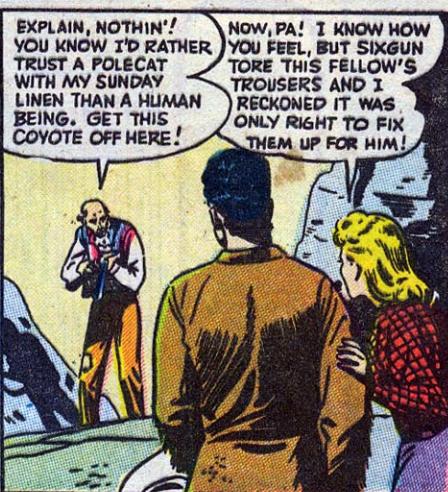
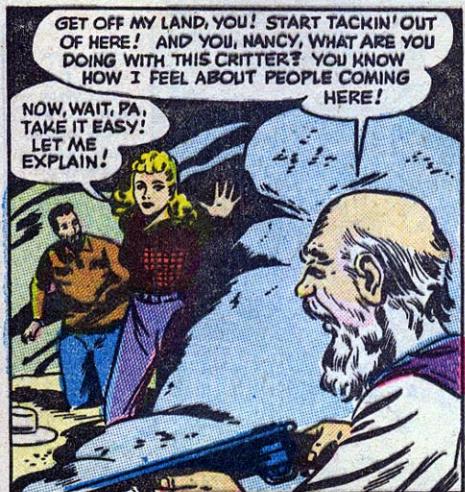
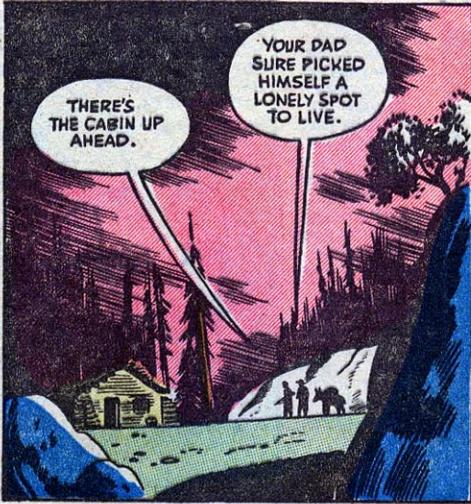


# COWBOY LOVE

BUCK  
WATCHED  
THIS QUIET,  
SERIOUS,  
BEAUTIFUL  
GIRL AS HE  
WALKED UP  
THE NARROW  
PATH BESIDE  
HER.

FINDING  
HER IN THE  
WILD HILLS  
HAD BEEN LIKE  
FINDING A  
PRECIOUS  
LODE OF GOLD.

THEY  
FINALLY  
CAME TO A NARROW  
RIDGE,  
AND...



NANCY  
STOOD FIRM,  
AND BUCK SAW  
THE OLD MAN  
HESITATE,  
AND THEN,  
GRUMBLING,  
TURN AWAY.  
  
NANCY'S EYES  
MET BUCK'S  
FOR AN  
INSTANT, AND  
THEN SHE  
TURNED  
ASIDE...  
  
BUT NOT  
BEFORE HE  
HAD SEEN  
THE GLADNESS  
MIRRORED  
THERE—



## COWBOY LOVE



THEN MAYBE IT'S TIME YOU STARTED LEARNING TO TRUST A LITTLE, NANCY. YOU'RE TOO BEAUTIFUL, TOO YOUNG TO BE HATING.



NANCY TRIED TO THINK OF ALL HER FATHER HAD TOLD HER OF PEOPLE... HOW MEAN AND SMALL THEY WERE. BUT NOW, AS SHE LOOKED INTO BUCK'S EYES, SHE COULD HEAR ONLY THE POUNDING OF HER HEART AND THINK ONLY ONE THING---

YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN TO TRUST AND LIKE PEOPLE, NANCY. I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU.



BUT JUST THEN, THE CRASHING THUD OF A FALLING TREE WAS HEARD, QUICKLY FOLLOWED BY A CRY OF PAIN.

BUCK SAW THE FRIGHT LEAP INTO NANCY'S EYES, AS---



# COWBOY LOVE



BUCK LET THE OLD MAN'S RANTING GO UNHEEDED, AND BENDING HIS BODY LOW, HE USED EVERY LAST OUNCE OF HIS SINEWY MUSCLES TO RAISE THE TREE ENOUGH FOR NANCY TO PULL HER FATHER FREE. AND THEN---



BUT IN A MINUTE, BUCK HAD THE INJURED MAN INSIDE THE CABIN.

PAINFUL AS THE BROKEN LEG WAS, THE OLD MAN'S FEELING TOWARD PEOPLE, A DEEP AND BITTER THING BORN OF TOO MANY YEARS OF HATING, WAS EVER-PRESENT IN HIS WORD AND GLANCE...



I SAID NO! I'M NOT HAVING ANY MORE PEOPLE COMING 'ROUND HERE. I DON'T WANT THEM AROUND ME, AND THAT GOES FOR YOU, TOO!

BUT YOU---



BUCK SOUGHT NANCY'S EYES AS SHE TURNED AWAY. BUT IN THOSE DARK, LUSTROUS POOLS HE CAUGHT THE REFLECTION OF A HEART TORN IN CONFLICT... CONFLICT BETWEEN AN OLD ALLEGIANCE AND A NEW, STRANGELY STIRRING FRIENDSHIP...

I--I SAID, CLEAR OUT! DO YOU HEAR ME? WE CAN TAKE CARE OF OURSELVES, NANCY AND ME!



BUT, SUDDENLY, THE SHOCK AND PAIN COULD NO LONGER BE RESISTED, AND---

GO ON... GO--- OOOOOH!

PA --- PA!

HE'S PASSED OUT! THE ONLY THING THAT KEPT HIM FROM DOING SO BEFORE NOW WAS HIS TEMPER!



WE CAN'T WAIT FOR A DOCTOR! I'LL GET SOME THIN WOOD FROM THE SHED FOR A SPLINT, BUCK!



## COWBOY LOVE



BUCK SAW THAT THE LONG YEARS OF HATE-FILLED TEACHING WAS EXACTING A SERIOUS TOLL. IT WAS TURNING LOVELY NANCY INTO A SUSPICIOUS, BELLIGERENT CARBON OF HER FATHER. BUT THERE WAS ONE THING HE'D WANTED TO DO SINCE HE'D FIRST SAW HER, AND --



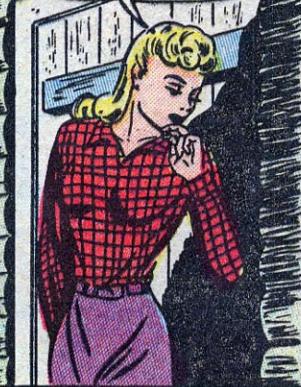
## COWBOY LOVE

NANCY'S HEAD WAS SPINNING. WHILE INSIDE HER, THAT WONDERFUL, WARM, HAPPY GLOW CLASHED WITH THE COLD BITTERNESS OF HER FATHER'S TEACHINGS...

OH ... SOB!



OH, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME ... SOB? WHY--WHY--I SHOULDN'T BE CRYING LIKE A BABY JUST BE--BECAUSE HE KISSED ME ... SOB!



ANYWAY, HE'S GONE NOW. I--I TOLD HIM TO GO. TH--THAT'S WHAT I WANTED!



BUT I... I... OH, I DIDN'T REALLY WANT HIM TO LEAVE... SOB! I--SOB--I WANTED HIM TO ST-STAY!



NANCY'S SOB'S SHOCK HER SLIM BODY AND SHE DID NOT HEAR THE CABIN DOOR OPEN.

BUT AT THE SOUND OF THE VOICE BEHIND HER, HER HEART LEAPED AND SHE SPUN AROUND TO SEE---

OH, BUCK! YOU--YOU DIDN'T GO!

I STARTED TO, BUT I COULDN'T. I KNOW YOU'LL NEED HELP HERE, AT LEAST... NO MATTER WHAT YOU SAY! AND I'M GLAD I CAME BACK, BECAUSE I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID JUST NOW!



DID YOU MEAN THAT, NANCY... ABOUT NOT REALLY HAVING WANTED ME TO GO?

OH, YES,  
BUCK--YES!  
THIS IS THE FIRST  
TIME I'VE CRIED  
SINCE I WAS A  
LITTLE GIRL!



AND AS THEY LOOKED INTO EACH OTHER'S EYES, THEIR HEARTS MET IN THE SILENCE OF THE LITTLE CABIN...

I'M GLAD, NANCY. IT'S ONLY WHEN THE HEART IS TOUCHED THAT TEARS COME.

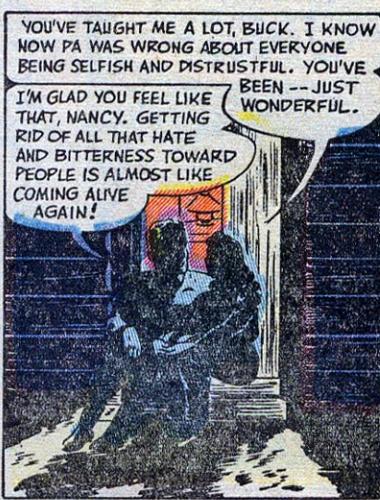
YES, BUCK--  
YES!



## COWBOY LOVE



FAR INTO THE NIGHT BUCK CONTINUED TO WORK OVER NANCY'S FATHER WHILE SHE STOOD BY HELPING HIM AS BEST SHE COULD. BUT NOW THEY COULD ONLY WAIT AND HOPE FOR THE BEST. DURING THE LONG HOURS OF THEIR VIGIL, NANCY UNDERSTOOD THE TEARS SHE'D SHED WHEN SHE SENT BUCK AWAY--



## COWBOY LOVE

AND THIS TIME, AS NANCY'S LIPS FOUND BUCK'S, SHE KNEW NO TEARS WOULD FOLLOW THIS KISS. HER HEART HAD FOUND ITS PLACE. AND TO BUCK, THIS WARM, VIBRANT GIRL WAS THE ELUSIVE DREAM HE HAD PURSUED OVER MANY A TRAIL --- !

OH, DARLING, I WANT TO GET TO KNOW FOLKS AGAIN... TO LEARN TO BELIEVE AND TRUST...

YES, NANCY-- THERE'S A LOT AHEAD FOR THE BOTH OF US, BUT NOW WE MUST THINK ONLY OF PULLING YOUR PA THROUGH!

THEN, FINALLY, SLOWLY, A NEW DAY DAWNED OVER THE LITTLE CABIN, AND...

THE FEVER'S GONE, NANCY! WE'VE PULLED HIM THROUGH! HE'S BEEN SLEEPING NORMALLY NOW FOR THE LAST FEW HOURS.

NOT WE, BUCK. IT WAS YOU WHO DID IT.

DAD HAS SOME NETS DOWN AT THE POND. I'LL GO DOWN AND BRING BACK SOME FISH FOR BREAKFAST. YOU MUST BE FAMISHED, BUCK.

SWELL, NANCY, THOUGH I CAN'T FIGURE WHICH I NEED MOST-- SLEEP OR VITTLES. I'LL STAY AND KEEP AN EYE ON YOUR PA.

NANCY HAD BEEN GONE ONLY A FEW MINUTES WHEN QUIETLY, THE OLD MAN CAME OUT OF HIS SLEEP, SLOWLY, HIS EYES FOCUSED UPON BUCK, BENDING OVER THE BED ACROSS FROM HIM. IMMEDIATELY, BUT ONE THOUGHT LEAPED INTO HIS SUSPICIOUS MIND ---

THAT VARMINT'S HERE YET... AND HE'S AFTER OUR MONEY! HE'S FOUND OUT WHERE IT IS!

GET AWAY FROM THAT MONEY, YOU BANGTAILED HORSE-THIEF!

UUUUUM!



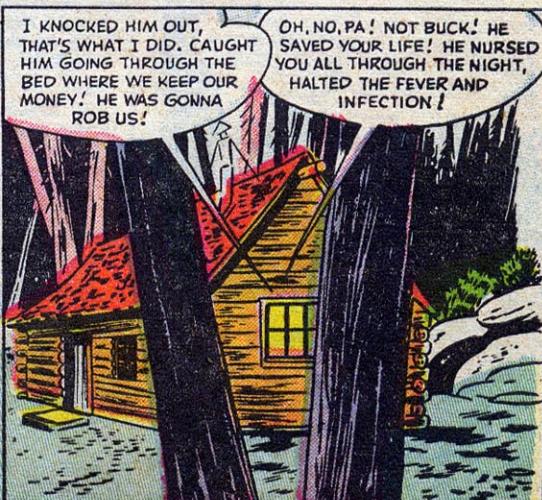
NANCY, THERE YOU BE! I TOLD YOU TO SEND THAT CRITTER PACKING!

BUCK--!

OH, PA--- WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

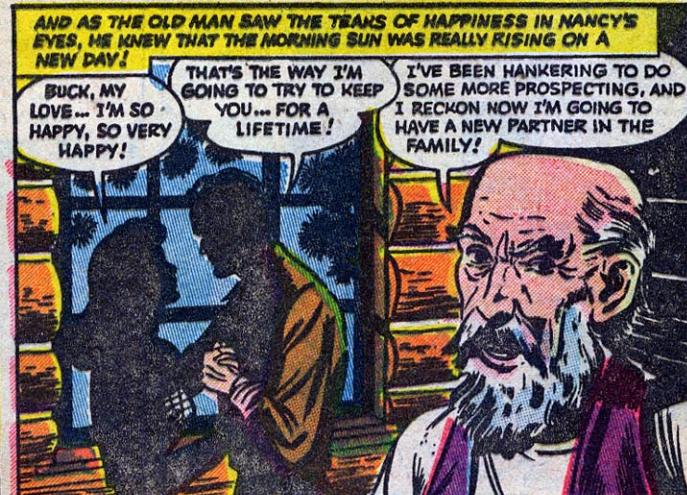
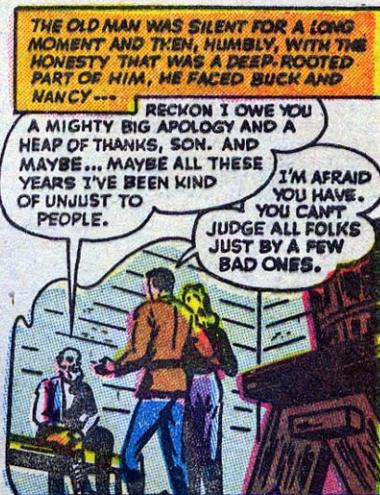
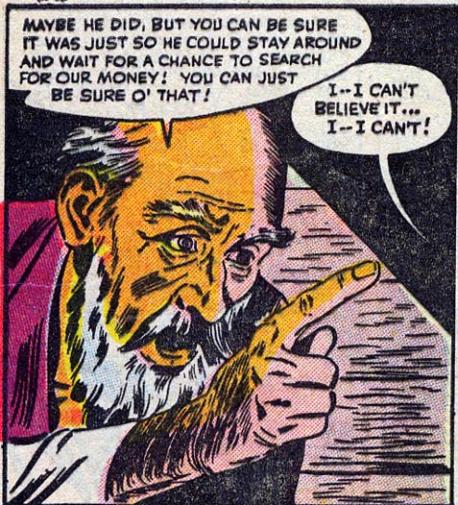
I KNOCKED HIM OUT, THAT'S WHAT I DID. CAUGHT HIM GOING THROUGH THE BED WHERE WE KEEP OUR MONEY! HE WAS GONNA ROB US!

OH, NO, PA! NOT BUCK! HE SAVED YOUR LIFE! HE NURSED YOU ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT, HALTED THE FEVER AND INFECTION!

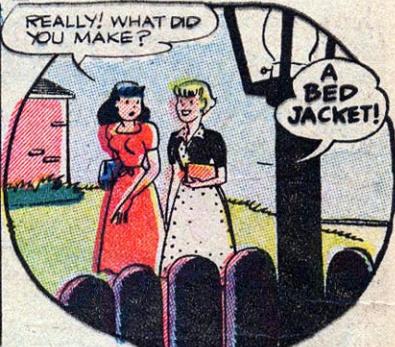


JUST READING

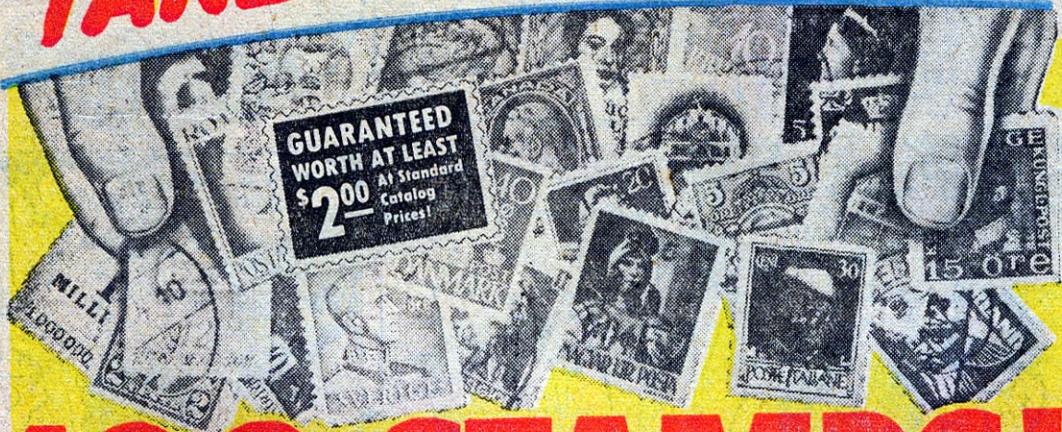
## COWBOY LOVE



# COWBOY LOVE



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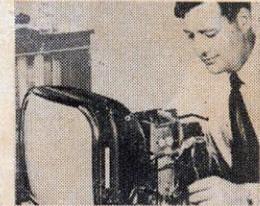
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